

*Favorite*  
**GOSPEL  
SONGS**

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**LILLENAS PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
2923 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

# INTRODUCTORY

"FAVORITE GOSPEL SONGS" is just what its name implies. To the many familiar Gospel songs and hymns we have added a few of our own most popular copyrights and a number of choice new songs. We urge you to try out numbers 3, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 18, 22, 24, 26, 27, 29, 31, 34 and 63. The book is especially designed for the Pastor, who conducts his own Revival meeting and for the Evangelist. It is not a substitute for, but a supplement to your Hymnal. May the Lord whom we love and serve bless the book on its Mission.

**THE COMPILERS**—Haldor Lillenas, E. W. Petticord, Kenneth Wells, C. C. Rinebarger, L. C. Messer and J. E. Aycock.

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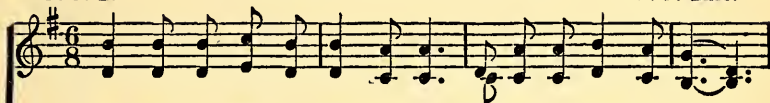
# FAVORITE GOSPEL SONGS

1

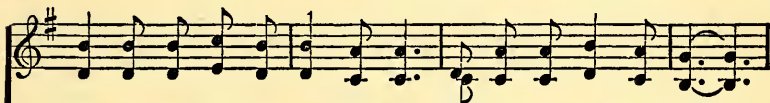
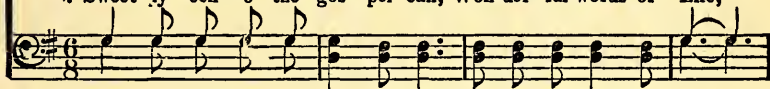
## Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

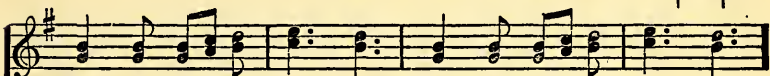
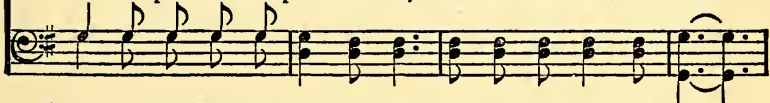
P. P. Bliss.



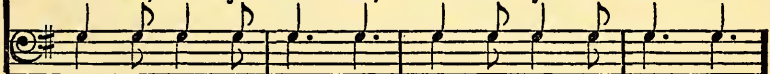
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;



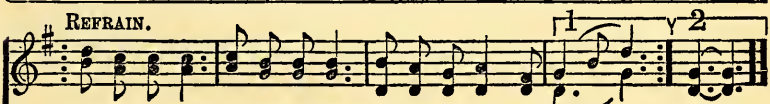
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.  
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.  
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.



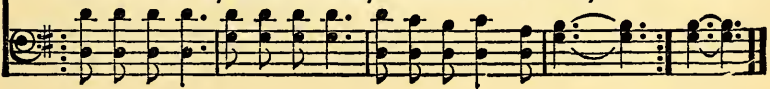
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;  
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:  
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:



REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life; . . . Life.



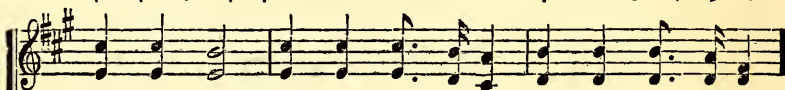
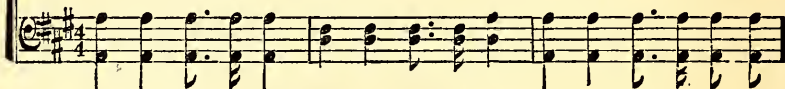
## Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

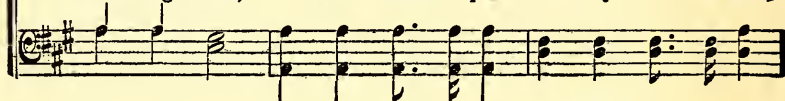
A. J. SHOWALTER.



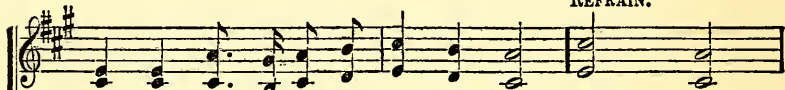
1. What a fel - lowship, what a joy di - vine, Lean - ing on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, Lean - ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean - ing on the ev - er -



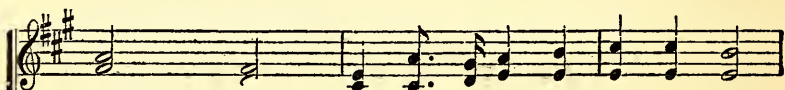
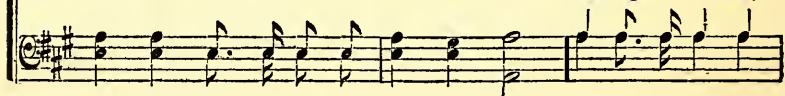
last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, What a peace is mine,  
 last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



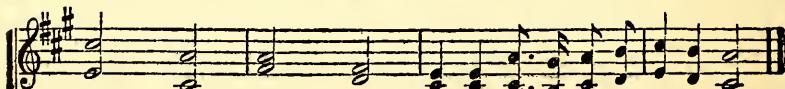
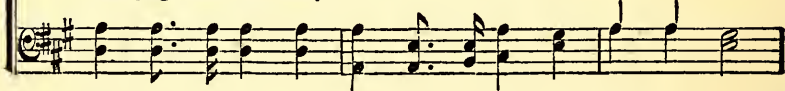
## REFRAIN.



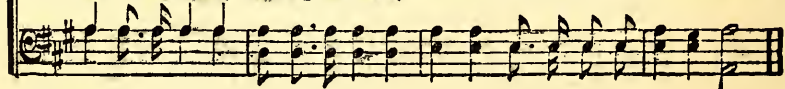
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus.



Lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,



## His Face Will Outshine Them All.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

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T. H.

Thoro Harris.

1. There are fa - ces dear that I hold in mem-'ry, Tho' I  
 2. There were voi - ces sweet o - ver Beth - l'hem sing - ing When the  
 3. There are friend - ly hands un - to me ex - tend - ed When I  
 4. There are won - drous scenes ly - ing all a - round me, Gold - en

lost them long a - go; (so long a - go;) But the face of  
 Sav - ior Christ was born; (our Lord was born;) And the gold - en  
 seem to miss my way; (to miss my way;) But the pierc - ed  
 gleams o'er land and sea; (o'er land and sea;) But when Je - sus

One "al - to - geth - er love - ly" Is the fair - est face I know.  
 harps of the an - gels ring - ing Ush - ered in that ho - ly morn.  
 hand of the Man of Cal - v'ry Lead - eth on to realms of day.  
 comes in the clouds of heav - en, O what glo - ry that will be.

CHORUS.

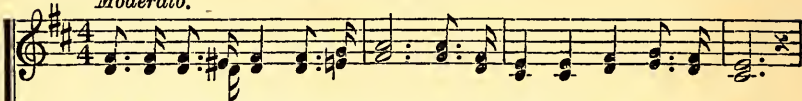
His face will out-shine them all, (yes,) His face will out-shine them all;

Glo - ry to the Lamb, hal - le - lu - jah! His face will outshine them all.  
 My Savior's face,

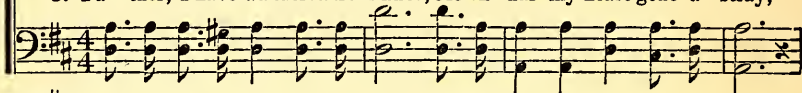
E. R. Latta.

(Whiter Than the Snow.)

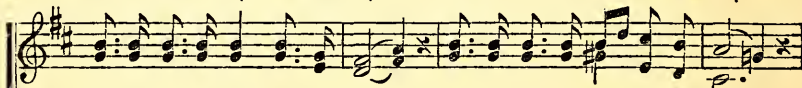
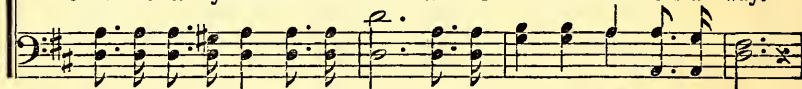
H. S. Perkins.

*Moderato.*

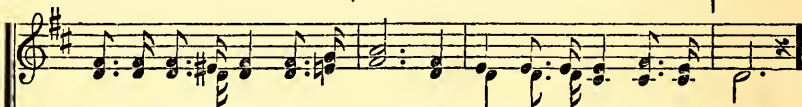
1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod - y o'er-came;
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a - stray;



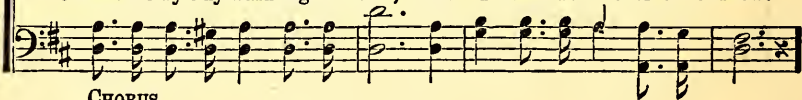
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On - ly by His stripes we are healed.  
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-ered thus not in vain.  
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can not wash them a - way.



Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,  
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;  
Je - sus to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;

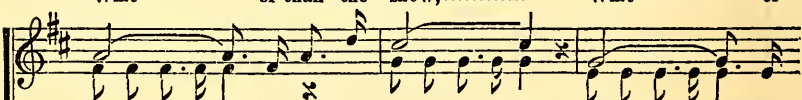


Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.  
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.  
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di - vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

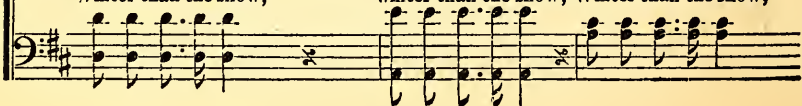


## CHORUS.

Whit - - er than the snow,..... Whit - - er



Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,



## Blessed Be the Fountain.—Concluded.

than the snow;..... Wash me in the Blood of the

whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the Blood of the

Lamb,..... And I shall be whit - er than snow.....

Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, than snow.

*rit.*

snow,.....

## 5

## Almost Persuaded

P. F. B.

P. F. Brass.

1. "Al-most per - suad-ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per - suad-ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per - suad-ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad-ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,  
turn not ] a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are  
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is

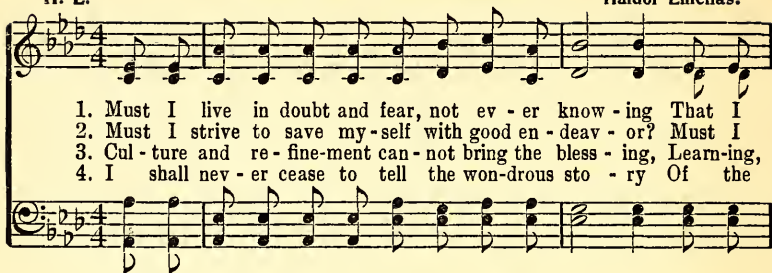
go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On thee I'll call."  
ling'r - ing near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - derer, come.  
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost."

## I Know It.

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H. L.

Haldor Lillenas.



1. Must I live in doubt and fear, not ev - er know - ing That I  
 2. Must I strive to save my-self with good en - deav - or? Must I  
 3. Cul - ture and re - fine - ment can - not bring the bless - ing, Learn - ing,  
 4. I shall nev - er cease to tell the won - drous sto - ry Of the

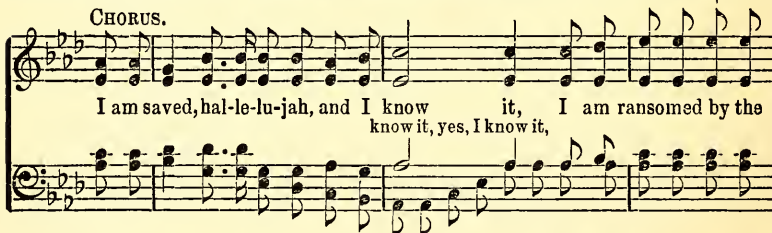


am a child of God down here be - low? Must I wan - der on, not  
 on - ly live a life of out - ward show? Must I hope and strive, and  
 good - ness, self - con - trol must on - ly fail; We must come to Christ our  
 Christ who spoke my par - don one glad day; I shall nev - er cease to

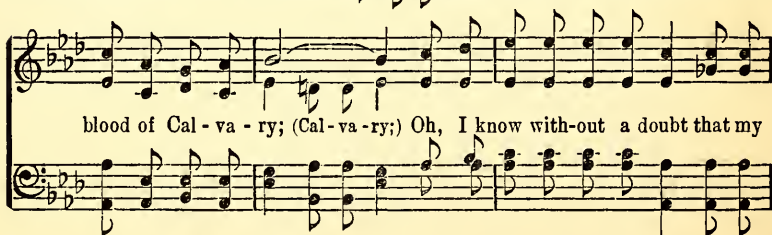


know - ing where I'm go - ing? - If my sins are blotted out I want to know.  
 can I real - ly nev - er Deep with - in my heart be sure that I may know.  
 guilt and need con - fess - ing, Noth - ing but His blood can for our sins a - vail.  
 give Him all the glo - ry Since He saved me in the good old fashioned way.

## CHORUS.



I am saved, hal - le - lu - jah, and I know it, I am ransomed by the  
 know it, yes, I know it,



blood of Cal - va - ry; (Cal - va - ry;) Oh, I know with - out a doubt that my



# I Know It.

sins all blot-ted out, I am saved, hal - le - lu - jah, and I know it.

7

## Homeward Bound.

*Inscribed to Rev. Howard Paschal.*

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H. L.

Haldor Lillenas.

1. Waves are roll-ing high, 'neath a stormy sky, As I sail o'er life's o-cean wide;
2. Man - y dangers hide 'neath the swelling tide, But a compass and chart have I,
3. To the storm-y gale I have flung my sail, I am near-ing the har-bor-land;

But I have no fear as my course I steer, For my Pi - lot is by my side.  
Safe-ly guid-ing me o'er the rest-less sea Till the har - bor of peace is nigh.  
I shall cease to roam, soon the lights of home Shall ap-pear on the gold-en strand.

CHORUS.

Homeward bound, homeward bound, Sail-ing o - ver the o - cean of life, ...  
Homeward bound, homeward bound, of life,

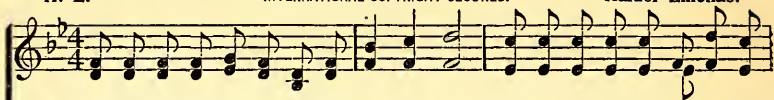
I shall have no fear with my Pi-lot near, For I'm home-ward bound.  
For my ship is homeward bound.

# Standing On the Word.

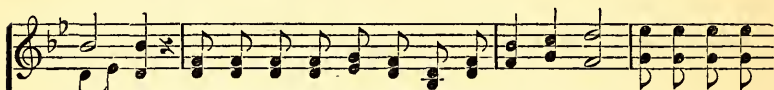
H. L.

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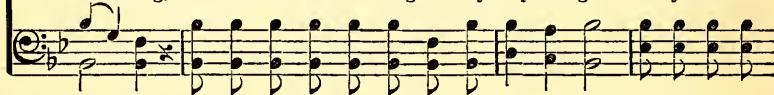
Haldor Lillemas.



1. Sure is my foundation, for I stand to - day On the liv - ing word that faileth
2. Fearful are the storms that may around me beat, Many are the foes that would as -
3. Faith is rest - ing on the promise strong and sure, Hope is anchored safe and cannot
4. Like a bea - con star to lead me thro' the night, Like a light up - on my pathway

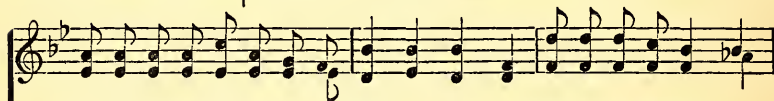


nev - er; Earth with all its glo - ry soon must pass a - way, But the word of  
 sail me; I have found a nev - er - fail - ing, sure re - treat In the word of  
 fal - ter; Peace has found a ha - ven from the storms secure In the word of  
 streaming, Is the word of God to guide my steps a - right To my homeland

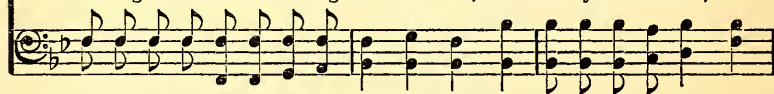


## CHORUS.

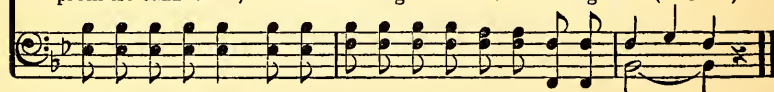
God shall stand for - ev - er.  
 God that can - not fail me. Stand - ing on the word, Stand - ing on the word,  
 God that can - not al - ter.  
 with its por - tals gleam - ing.



Stand - ing on the nev - er - fail - ing word of God; Tho' man - y foes as - sail, His



prom - ise cannot fail, For I'm standing on the nev - er - fail - ing word. (of God.)



## I Must Tell Jesus.

S. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these  
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -  
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my  
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my distress he kind - ly will help me; He ev - er  
 passionate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er, Make of my  
 burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my  
 tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me O - ver the

## CHORUS.

loves and cares for his own.  
 troub - les quick - ly an end. } I must tell Je - sus! I must tell  
 cares and sor - rows will share.  
 world the vic - t'ry to win.

Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

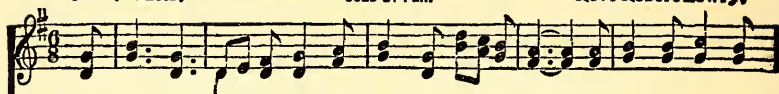
*Rit.*  
 Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

## We're Marching to Zion.

Rev. I. Watts;

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Rev. Robert Lowry,



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
3. The hill of Zi-on yields; A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-



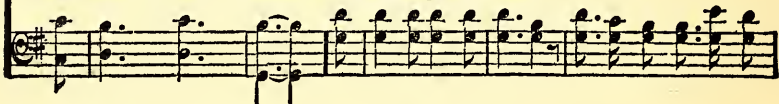
sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne,  
 heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad,  
 heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets,  
 manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high,

And thus surround the throne, And thus



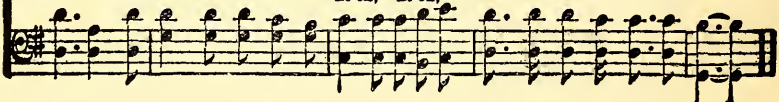
## CHORUS.

And thus surround the throne.  
 May speak their joys a-broad. We're marching to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful  
 Or walk the gold-en streets.  
 To fair-er worlds on high.  
 sur-round the throne. We're marching on to Zi-on,



Zi-on; We're marching upward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.

Zi-on, Zi-on,



# The Healing Waters.

H. H. Heimar.

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HALDOR LILLENAS, OWNER.

L. L. Pickett.

1. Oh, the joy of sins for-giv'n, Oh, the bliss the blood-washed know,  
 2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fied, At His feet I'm rest - ing low;  
 3. Oh, this pre - cious per - fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow,  
 4. Oh, to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tem - pests come and go!  
 5. Cleansed from ev - ry sin and stain, Whit - er than the driv - en snow,

Oh, the peace a - kin to heav'n, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Let me ev - er - more a - bide Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Streaming from the fount a - bove, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Now I sing my sweet re - frain, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.

**CHORUS.**

Where the heal - - - ing wa - ters flow, . . . . . Where the  
 Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the

joys . . . . . ce - les - tial glow, . . . . . Oh, there's peace . . . . . and rest and  
 joys celestial glow, Where the joys celestial glow, Oh, there's peace and rest and love, Oh, there's

love, . . . . . Where the heal - - - ing wa - ters flow! . . . . .  
 peace and rest and love, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow!

wa - ters flow! . . . . .

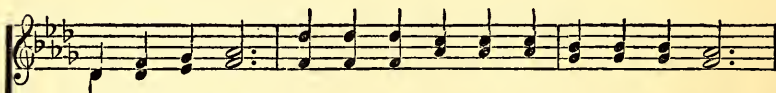
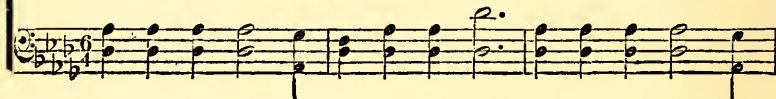
H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY HALDOR LILLENAS.

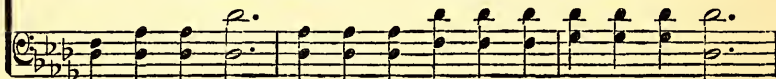
Haldor Lillenas.



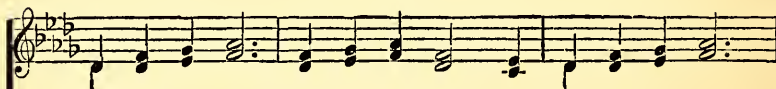
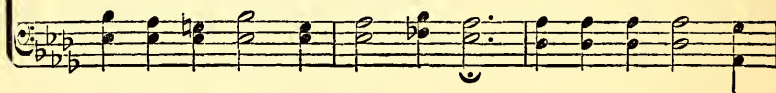
1. "God with us," is the name of our King, Earth, sea and sky shall
2. Great is Im-man-u-el, praise His name, Now and for-ev-er
3. An-gel-ic be-ings sing of His fame, And all the blood-washed



break forth and sing Prais-es to Him who sal-va-tion did bring.  
 He is the same, He bore our sin and He car-ried our shame,  
 hon-or His name, Might-y to help us, "He know-eth our frame,"



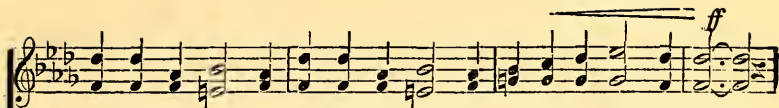
Great is our King Im-man-u-el. Leav-ing His scep-ter,  
 Great is our King Im-man-u-el. Vic-tor o'er sin o'er  
 Great is our King Im-man-u-el. Rul-er of earth and



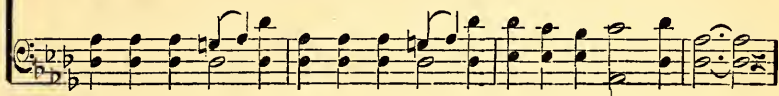
leav-ing His throne, Born in a man-ger, dy-ing a-lone,  
 death and the grave, Ev-er He lives, the Might-y to save,  
 heav-en is He, But in our hearts He prom-ised to be,-



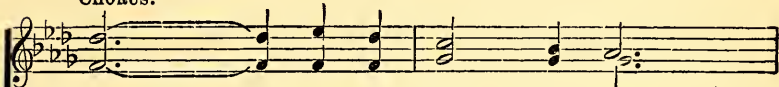
# Great is Immanuel. (Concluded.)



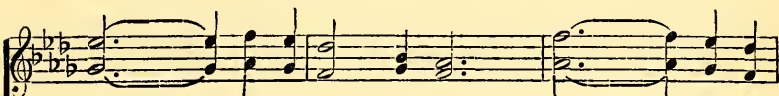
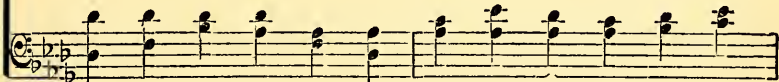
God-man most ho - ly, hum - ble and low - ly, Great is Im - man - u - el.  
 Read - y to cheer us, wait - ing to hear us, Great is Im - man - u - el.  
 Bow down be - fore Him, worship, a - dore Him! Great is Im - man - u - el.



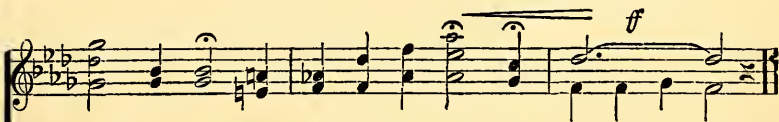
## CHORUS.



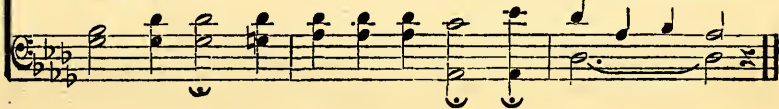
Great..... is Im - man - u - el,  
 Great is Im - man - u - el. Great is Im - man - u - el.



Who..... can His won - ders tell? Heav - - en and  
 Who can His won - ders tell? Great is Im - man - u - el. Heaven and earth with His



earth shall swell With praise to Im - man - u - el.....  
 praise shall swell Praise His name,



J. M. D.

REV. J. M. DRIVER. By per.

1. Won-der - ful sto - ry of love; Tell it to me a - gain;  
 2. Won-der - ful sto - ry of love; Tho' you are far a - way;  
 3. Won-der - ful sto - ry of love; Je - sus pre-vides a rest;

Won - der - ful sto - ry of love; Wake the im - mor - tal strain!  
 Won - der - ful sto - ry of love; Still He doth call to - day;  
 Won - der - ful sto - ry of love; For all the pure and bleat,

Ang - els with rapture announce it, Shepherds with won - der re - ceive it;  
 Call - ing from Cal - va - ry's mountain, Down from the crys - tal bright fountain,  
 Rest in those mansions a - bove us, With those who've gone on be - fore us,

FINE.

Sin - ner, O won't you be - lieve it? Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.  
 E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.  
 Sing - ing the rap - tur - ous cho - rus, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.

D.S.--Won-der-ful sto - ry of love!

D.S.

CHORUS.  
 Won - der - full Won - der - full Won - der - full  
 Wonderful story of love; Wonderful sto-ry of love; Wonderful sto-ry of love.

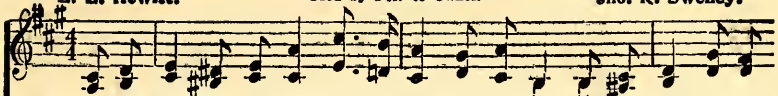


## Will there Be any Stars?

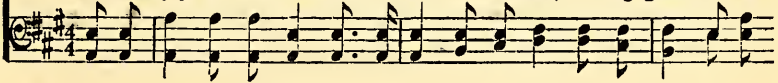

E. E. Hewitt.

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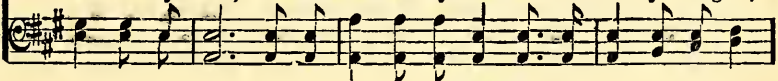
Jno. R. Sweeney.



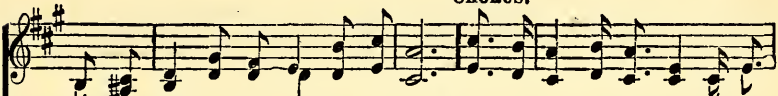
1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the  
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a  
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

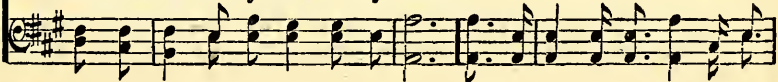
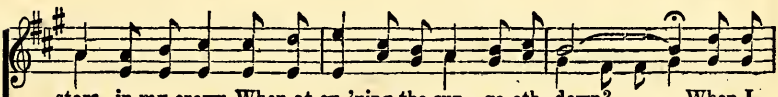
sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,  
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri-ous day,  
feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit - y of gold,



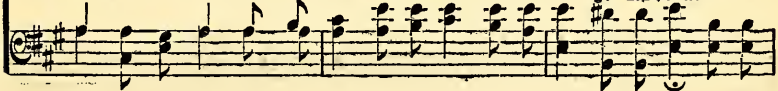
## CHORUS.




Will there be an - y stars in my crown?  
When His praise like the sea - bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y  
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

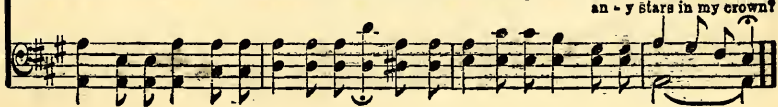
stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I



go-eth down?



wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?.....



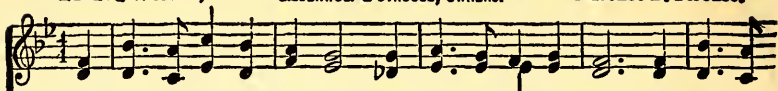
an - y stars in my crown?

## It's Just Like His Great Love.

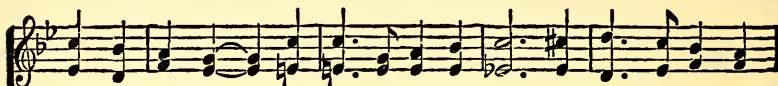
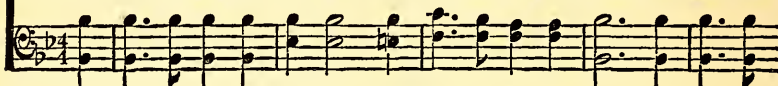
Edna R. Worrell,

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BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE, OWNERS.

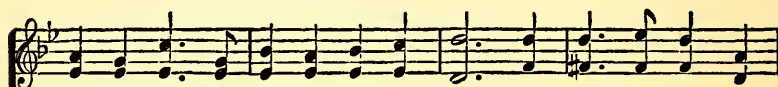
Clarence B. Strouse,



1. A friend I have called Je-sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev-er
2. Some-times the clouds of trouble Be-dim the sky a-bove, I can-not
3. Whensorrow's clouds o'er-take me, And break up-on my head, When life seems
4. O I could sing for-ev-er Of Je-sus' love di-vine, Of all His



fails how-e'er 'tis tried, No mat-ter what I do; I've sinn'd a-against this  
see my Sav-ior's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's  
worse than use-less, And I were bet-ter dead; I take my grief to  
care and ten-der-ness For this poor life of mine: His love is in and



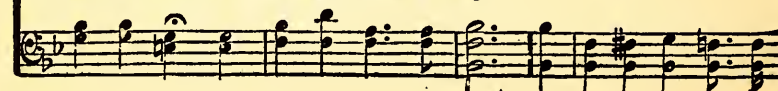
love of His, But when I knelt to pray Con-fess-ing all my  
mer-cy-seat Be-hold-ing my de-spair, In pit-y bursts the  
Je-sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n-ly hope He  
o-ver all And wind and waves o-bey, When Je-sus whis-pers



## CHORUS.



guilt to Him, The sin-clouds roll'd a-way.  
clouds be-tween, And shows me He is there. It's just like Je-sus to  
gives that cheers, Like sun-shine aft-er rain.  
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a-way.



# It's Just Like His Great Love.

roll the clouds a-way, I'ts just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,

It's just like Je - sus all a-long the way, It's just like His great love.

16

## Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.  
USED BY PER.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,

Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stay Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.  
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?  
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS.


{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin; }  
{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to } Je - sus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.


W. H. DOANE.



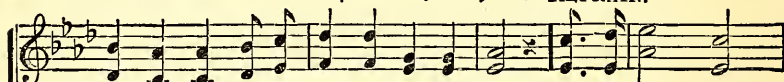
1. I am Thine O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it  
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the  
 3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be -  
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I


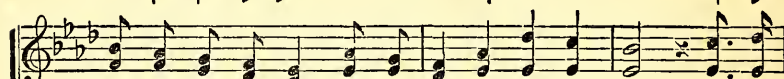
told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the  
 pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a  
 fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with  
 cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I



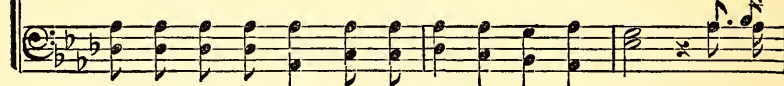
## REFRAIN.



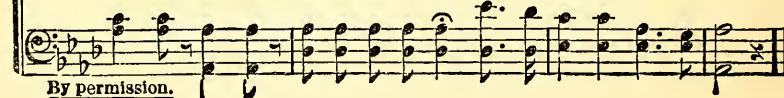
arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.  
 stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,  
 Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend. near - er, near - er,  
 may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me




near - er, near - er, near - er bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.



## Lead Me Higher.

Anon.

Copyright, 1907, by C. F. Weigle.  
Lillenas Publishing Co., Owners.

C. F. Weigle.

1. Je - sus lead me up the moun-tain, Where the whitest robes are seen,  
2. High-er up, where light in-creas-es, Rich a - bove all earth-ly good,  
3. Lead me high - er, noth-ing dread-ing, In the race to nev - er stop;  
4. Save me bet - ter, make me sur - er, Put me where the fire re - fines,

Where the saints can see the foun-tain, Where the pure are keeping clean.  
Where the life of sin - ning ceas - es, Where the Spirit comes in floods—  
In thy footsteps keep me tread-ing, Give me grace to reach the top.  
Where the breath of hope is pur - er, Where the brightest glory shines.

## CHORUS.

Lead me high - - - er up the moun - tain, Give me  
Lead me high - er

fel - low - ship with thee; In thy light.....  
Give me fel - low - ship with thee; In thy light

sweet fel - low - ship with thee;

I see the foun-tain, And the blood is cleansing me.  
it cleanses me.

E. P. Stites.

BY PERMISSION.

Geo. R. Sweney.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;  
 2. The Savior comes and walks with me And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;  
 3. A sweet per-fume up-on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver - nal trees,  
 4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,

Here shines undimm'd one bliss-ful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.  
 He gen-tly leads me with His hand, For this is heav-en's bor - der-land.  
 And flow'rs that nev-er fad-ing grow Where streams of life for-ev - er flow.  
 As angels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

## CHORUS.

O Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land, As on the high-est mount I stand,

I look a-way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,

And view the shin-ing glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev - er-more!

M. A. S.

Mrs. MINNIE A. STEEL.

1. I re - mem - ber when my bur - dens rolled a - way, I had car - ried them for  
 2. I re - mem - ber when my bur - dens rolled a - way, That I feared would nev - er  
 3. I re - mem - ber when my bur - dens rolled a - way, That had hindered me for  
 4. I am sing - ing since my bur - dens rolled a - way, There's a song with - in my

years night and day; When I sought the bless - ed Lord, and I took Him at His  
 leave night or day; Je - sus showed to me the loss, so I left them at the  
 years night and day; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Je - sus'  
 heart night and day; I am liv - ing for my King, and with joy I shout and

## CHORUS.

word Then at once all my bur - dens rolled a - way.  
 cross, I was glad when my bur - dens rolled a - way. Rolled a - way, rolled a -  
 face, And I knew that my bur - dens could not stay.  
 sing Hal - le - lu - jah! all my bur - dens rolled a - way. Rolled a - way,

way, I am hap - py since my bur - dens rolled a - way; Rolled a -  
 rolled a - way, since my bur - dens rolled a - way;

way, rolled a - way, I am hap - py since my bur - dens rolled a - way.  
 Rolled a - way, rolled a - way,

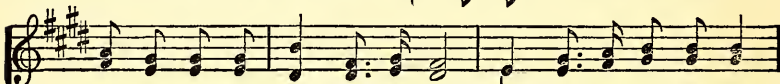
W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.

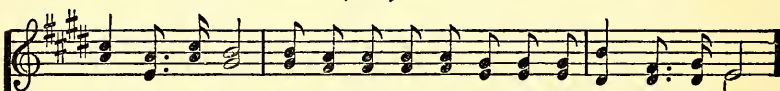
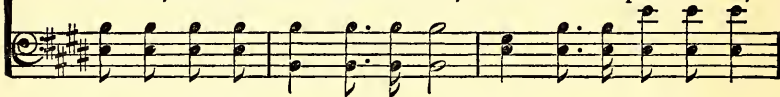
W. A. Ogden.



1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sushath shown, Sweet-er far than
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wear - y, heav - y -



an - y mes - sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,  
 an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,  
 lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es,



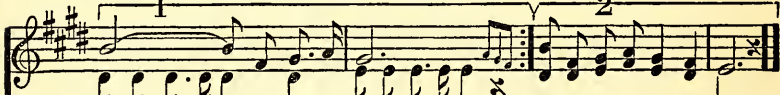
Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.  
 Faith - ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.  
 Faith - ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se - cure.



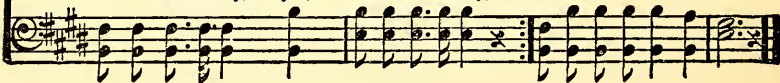
## CHORUS.



Where . . . . He leads I'll fol - - - low,  
 Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,



Fol - - - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev - 'ry day.  
 Fol - low all the way. yes, fol - low all the way;



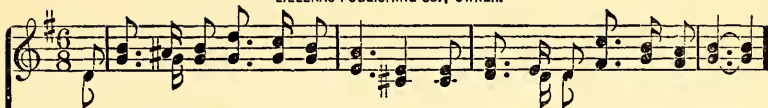


## My Wonderful Friend.

H. L.

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LILLENAS PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Haldor Lillenas.



1. I found such a won - der - ful Sav - ior In Je - sus my Lord and my King;
2. Sur - pass - ing the love that a moth - er May have for the child of her care;
3. The pleasures the world could af - ford me Are naught to compare with His joy;
4. When sorrow and pain is my por - tion, When tears of bereavement must fall,
5. When tempests around me are sweep - ing, My Pi - lot and Guide He will be;



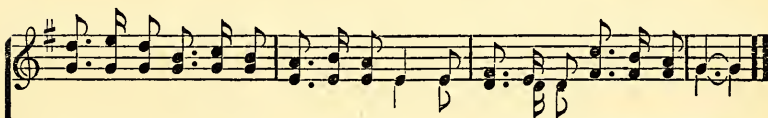
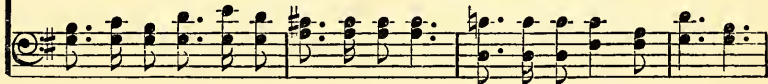
Un - dy - ing and true His de - vot - ion, My heart shall His glad prais - es sing.  
The love of a sis - ter or broth - er With His we can nev - er com - pare.  
The rapture and peace that He gives me, Earth's sorrows can nev - er de - stroy.  
My Sav - ior, my Friend and Companion, Will com - fort and keep thro' it all.  
And safe is my soul in His keep - ing, My might - y de - liv - 'rer is He.



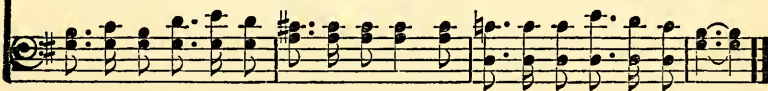
## CHORUS.



Oh, what a won - der - ful Sav - ior is He! Con - stant and true is Je - sus;

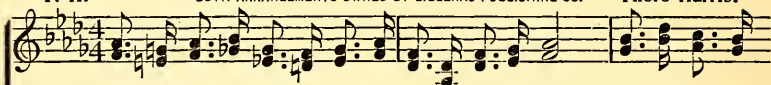


More than I fan - cied He ev - er could be, Is Je - sus, my won - der - ful Friend.

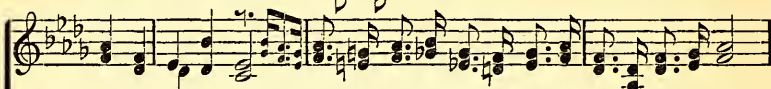
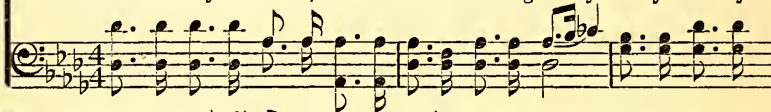


# Jesus Bears You On His Heart.

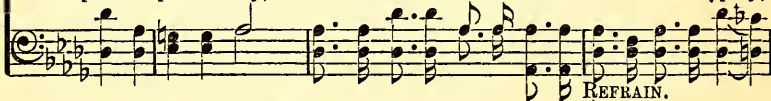
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 T. H. BOTH ARRANGEMENTS OWNED BY LILLENAS PUBLISHING CO. Thoro Harris.



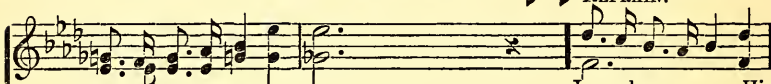
1. Does your life seem dreary, are you tempted to de-spair? Is the bur - den
2. Does it sometimes seem that you must suffer all a - lone? Are you in the
3. Have you laid a - way a dear one in the darksome grave, Giv-ing back to
4. Mind - ful of our needs, a kind, un-err-ing Friend is He, For He loves His
5. What-so-e'er your tri - al, do not doubt that some glad day Ev-'ry earth - ly



heav-y you must bear? Is your soul deprived of all that's beautiful and fair?  
 fi - ery furnace thrown? For your deeds of mercy is un-kind-ness often shown?  
 God what once He gave? Safe-ly rest up-on His bos-om who is strong to save;  
 own un-ceas-ing-ly; In the hour of darkness to His arms un-fail-ing flee;  
 pain will pass a - way; Leave them all with One who hears His children when they pray;



REFRAIN.

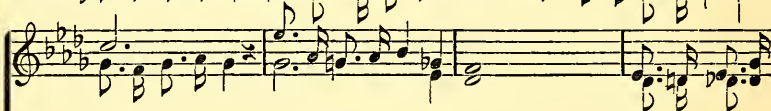
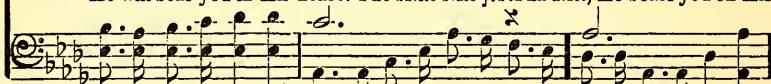


Je-sus bears you on His heart.

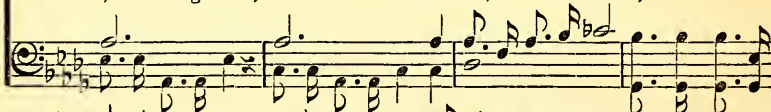
Je-sus bears you on His

He will bear you in His heart. The Sa-rior bears you on His heart, He bears you on His

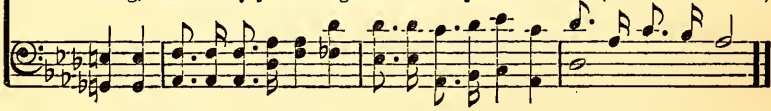
On His



heart, He will strength divine impart; Look to Him be-  
 heart, His loving heart; On His heart, His tender heart;



lieving, Peace and joy receiving: Jesus bears you on His heart. (His faithful heart.)



## Come and Dine.

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 LILLENAS PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

C. B. W.

C. B. Widmeyer.

1. { Je - sus has a ta - ble spread Where the saints of God are fed,  
 With His man - na He doth feed And sup - plies our ev - 'ry need;  
 2. { The dis - ci - ples came to land, Thus o - bey - ing Christ's command,  
 There they found their hearts' de - sire, Bread and fish up - on the fire;  
 3. { Soon the Lamb will take His bride To be ev - er at His side,  
 O, 'twill be a glo - rious sight, All the saints in spot - less white;

1 He in - vites His chos - en peo - ple "Come and dine;" Je - sus all the time!  
 O, 'tis sweet to sup with Thus He sat - is - fies the hun - gry ev - 'ry time.  
 2 For the Mas - ter called to them, "Now come and dine;"  
 Thus He sat - is - fies the hun - gry ev - 'ry time.  
 3 All the host of heav - en will as - sem - bled be; feast e - ter - nal - ly.  
 And with Je - sus they will feast e - ter - nal - ly.

## CHORUS.

"Come and dine," the Master calleth, "Come and dine;" You may feast at  
 O come and dine;

Je - sus' ta - ble all the time; He who fed the mul - ti -  
 O come and dine,

tude, Turned the wa - ter in - to wine, To the hungry calleth now, "Come and dine."

# God Will Take Care of You.

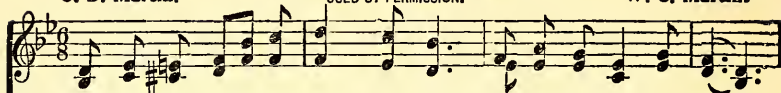
*Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.*

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.

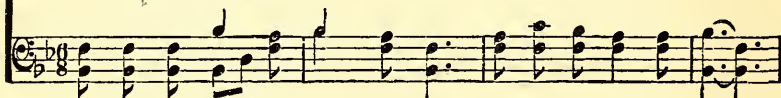
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C. D. Martin.

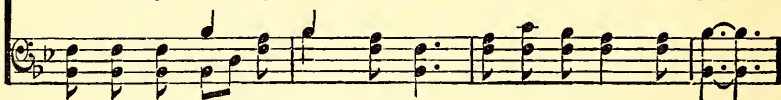
W. C. Martin.



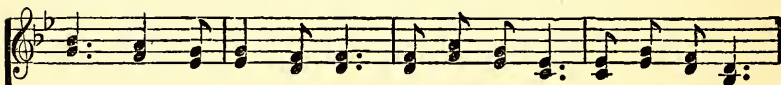
1. Be not dis - mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.  
 When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.  
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.  
 Lean, wea-ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



## CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....  
 take care of you.



H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HALDOR LILLENAS.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Haldor Lillenas

1. We are sail - ing o'er life's storm - y o - cean To a bet - ter  
2. Tho' the frowning rocks of strong temp - ta - tion May be near on  
3. There the waves of sin no more shall threaten To en - gulf us  
4. Oh, the glo - ry of that glad, sweet morning, When our an - chors

land on high; In its smil - ing and se - ques - tered har - bor  
ev - 'ry hand; Christ, the Pi - lot of our ship, will guide us  
in de - spair; There the Bright and Morning Star is shin - ing  
we have cast! And the gold - en har - bor - bells are chim - ing

3 3 A CHORUS.  
We shall an - chor by and by. In the har - bor - land, On the  
Safe - ly to the har - bor - land.  
In the har - bor - land so fair.  
When the storms of life are past.

gold - en strand, We shall meet to part no more; . . . Storms for -  
to part no more;

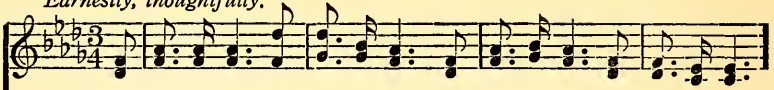
ev - er past, Anchored safe at last On the gold - en shore.  
bright and golden, golden shore.

## Keep Holding On.

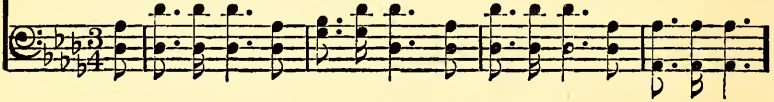
Rev. W. C. Poole.

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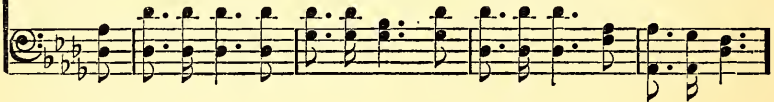
Chas. H. Gabriel.

*Earnestly, thoughtfully.*

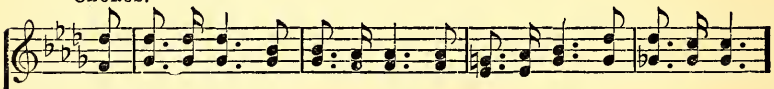
1. Keep hold-ing on, just one more hour May bring to thee the promised pow'r;
2. Keep hold-ing on, Christ knows thy need, He doth the hun-gry spar-rows feed;
3. Keep hold-ing on, no hand but thine Can break thy hold on Christ di-vine;
4. Keep hold-ing on un-to the end, For near at hand is Christ thy Friend;



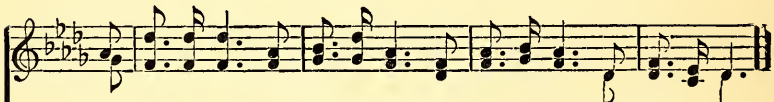
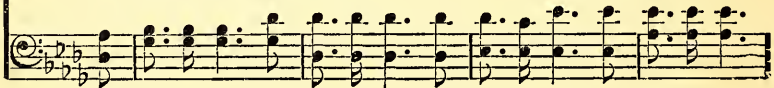
Keep hold-ing on, thy Lord doth care, He'll not for-get to an-swer prayer.  
 Keep hold-ing on, He'll hear thy cry, Thy Lord is watch-ing from on high.  
 Keep hold-ing on and Christ to thee Will send at last the vic-to-ry.  
 Keep hold-ing on till heav-en's light Shall take the place of earth-ly night.



## CHORUS.



Keep hold-ing on, Keep hold-ing on, The vic-to-ry will soon be won;



The long-est day will soon be gone, Keep hold-ing on, Keep hold-ing on.



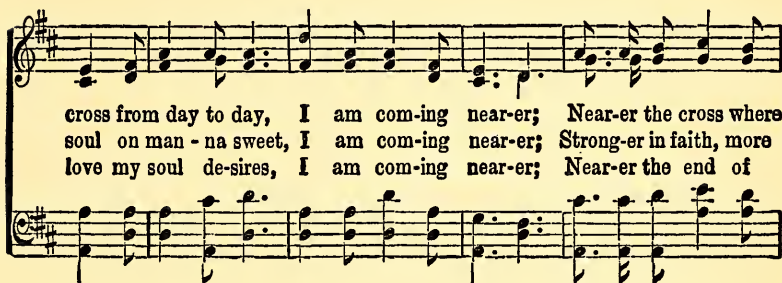
E. J. Crosby,

BY PERMISSION.

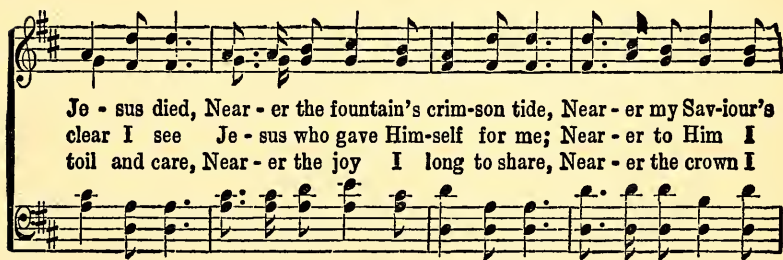
Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



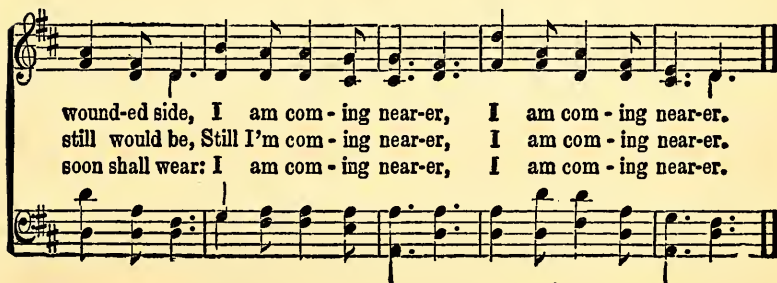
1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the  
 2. Near-er the Christian's mer - cy seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feasting my  
 3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the



cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where  
 soul on man - na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more  
 love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of



Je - sus died, Near - er the fountain's crim-son tide, Near - er my Sav-iour's  
 clear I see Je - sus who gave Him-self for me; Near - er to Him I  
 toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I



wound-ed side, I am com - ing near-er, I am com - ing near-er.  
 still would be, Still I'm com - ing near-er, I am com - ing near-er.  
 soon shall wear: I am com - ing near-er, I am com - ing near-er.

## Soldiers of Immanuel.

H. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Haldor Lillenas.

1. Soldiers of Im-man-u-el, go for-ward in His name, Ho-ly  
 2. Soldiers of Im-man-u-el, go for-ward to the fray, Songs of  
 3. Soldiers of Im-man-u-el, the bat-tle soon shall cease; In a

war-fare waging, pow'rs of sin en-gag-ing; Lift His roy-al standard and His  
 tri-umph singing, shouts of vic-t'ry ringing; Fol-low your Commander, He is  
 home of splen-dor we shall hom-age ren-der Un-to Je-sus, He who is the

truth di-vine pro-claim, Till the world shall own Him King.  
 with you ev-'ry day; On-ward! is the bat-tle-cry.  
 glo-rious Prince of Peace, When we lay our ar-mor down,

## CHORUS.

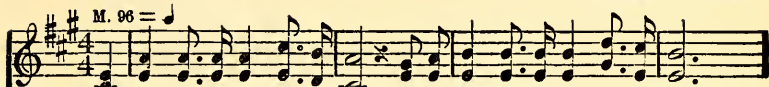
Go forth, go forth, and battle for the right, De-feat the foe and put his host to

flight; Ye soldiers of Imman-u-el, press on Un-till the vic-to-ry is won.



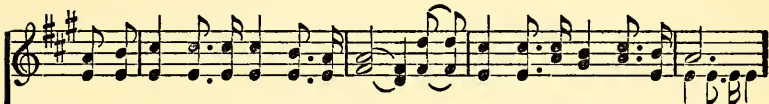
D. W. C. Huntington.

Tullius C. O'Kane.



1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod,
3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest,
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;

over there.



Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.  
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God.  
 Then a-way from my sor-row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.  
 Man - y dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.

over there



O-ver there, o - ver there,

O think of the home o-ver there;

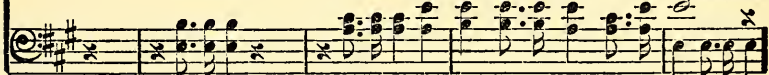
O think of the friends o-ver there;

My Sav-ior is now o-ver there;

Over there,

over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there;

over there.



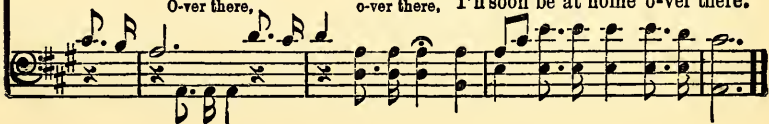
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.

O think of the friends o-ver there.

My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.

O-ver there,

o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.



H. L.

1. Liv - ing for - ev - er, O mar - vel - ous thought! Je - sus to  
 2. Liv - ing for - ev - er where death is un - known, Dwell - ing where  
 3. Liv - ing for - ev - er where love nev - er dies, In that fair  
 4. Liv - ing for - ev - er thro' un - end - ing years, Where no eyes  
 5. Liv - ing for - ev - er, O des - ti - ny bright, In that bright

me im - mor - tal - i - ty brought; Liv - ing for - ev - er, though  
 sin nev - er reigned on the throne; Liv - ing for - ev - er where  
 land where are said no "good - byes," Liv - ing for - ev - er where  
 glis - ten with un - bid - den tears; Liv - ing for - ev - er in  
 E - den where com - eth no night; Liv - ing for - ev - er with

stars may de - cay, Suns cease to shine and the worlds pass a - way.  
 sor - row - less days, Days nev - er end - ing are fra - grant with praise.  
 hope is ful - filled And all the voi - ces of sor - row are stilled.  
 man - sions of light, Where faith at last has been changed in - to sight.  
 Je - sus will be Heav - en and glo - ry suf - fi - cient for me.

## CHORUS.

Liv - - ing for - ev - - er, Dy - - ing, no, nev - er,....  
 Liv - ing for - ev - er, yes, liv - ing for - ev - er, Dy - ing, no, nev - er, Dy - ing, no, nev - er,

Life..... ev - er - last - ing My por - tion shall be;.....  
 Life never end - ing, a life ev - er - last - ing My por - tion shall be, my portion shall be;

## Living Forever.

Won - der - ful sto - ry, To God..... be the glo - - ry,...  
 Won - der - ful sto - ry, O wonderful sto - ry, To God be the glo - ry, to God be the glo - ry!

I..... shall be liv - ing..... For all e - ter - ni - ty....  
 I shall be liv - ing, yes, I shall be liv - ing

32

## Since Jesus Saved Me.

Richard Hainsworth.

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 WORDS AND MUSIC.

Haldor Lillenas.

SOLO.

1. With - in my heart a mel - o - dy keeps sing - ing,.. Since un - to  
 2. O grace di - vine that found me in my sor - row,.. O love su -  
 3. Thro' end - less a - ges I shall tell the sto - ry,... How Je - sus

Christ with all my sin I came; With - in my soul the  
 preme that would my ran - som be; From all the world I  
 saved me from my sin and shame; Un - to the Lamb be

bells of joy are ring - ing, Since Je - sus saved me, bless His name!  
 could no com - fort bor - row, But now I'm rest - ing safe in Thee.  
 end - less praise and glo - ry, Be - cause He saved me, bless His name!

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G. A. Y.

G. A. YOUNG.

1. In shad - y, green pas - tures, so rich and so sweet, God  
 2. Sometimes on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God  
 3. Tho' sor - rows be - fall us, and Sa - tan op - pose, God  
 4. A - way from the mire, and a - way from the clay, God

leads His dear chil - dren a - long; Where the water's cool flow bathes the  
 leads His dear chil - dren a - long; Some - times in the val - ley in the  
 leads His dear chil - dren a - long; Through grace we can con - quer, de -  
 leads His dear chil - dren a - long; A - way up in glo - ry, e -

wea - ry one's feet, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.  
 dark - est of night, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.  
 feat all our foes, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.  
 ter - ni - ty's day, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.

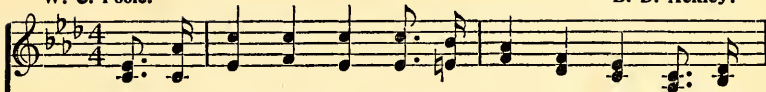
## CHORUS.

Some thro' the waters, some thro' the flood, Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the blood;

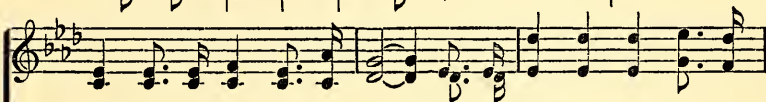
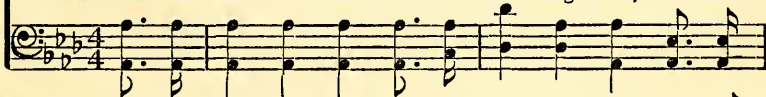
Some thro' great sorrow, but God gives a song, In the night season and all the day long.

W. C. Poole.

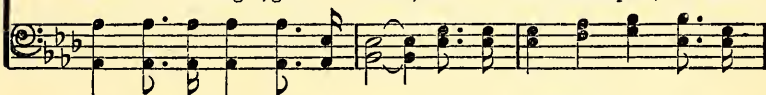
B. D. Ackley.



1. When my work is done and the vic - t'ry won, When I
2. When the day shall break and I shall a - wake, When my
3. In a glad new song with the ran-somed throng Where there
4. Those who left us here 'mid our flow - ing tear, We shall



come to the end of my way, There is joy for me thro' e-  
 Sav - ior in glo - ry I see; I will of - fer praise, glad ho-  
 nev - er shall come an - y night, I shall sing God's praise thro' un-  
 meet on the bright, gold-en shore; All be-reave-ment past, we shall



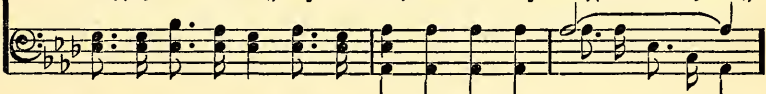
## CHORUS.



ter - ni - ty In the land of end-less day....  
 san - nas raise For His wondrous love to me.... Joy for me, my work all  
 end - ing days, In the man - sions of de - light....  
 meet at last, Re - u - nit - ed ev - er - more...



done, (my work all done,) Joy for me, life's vic - t'ry won; (life's vic-t'ry won;)



On that morning bright in that land of light, 'Twill be joy, great joy for me.



# The Pearly-White City.

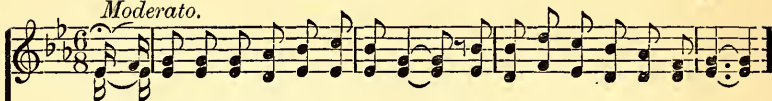
(THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN.)

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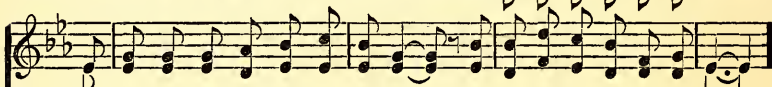
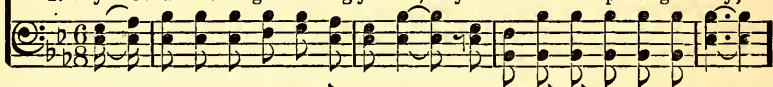
Arthur F. Ingler.

A. F. I.

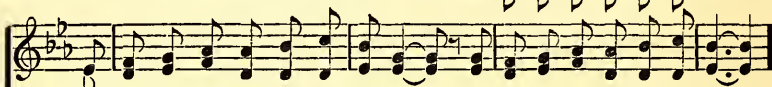
*Moderato.*



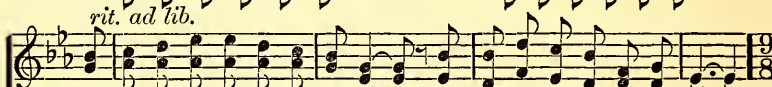
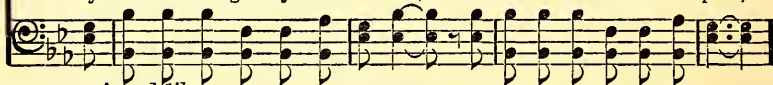
1. There's a ho-ly and beau-ti-ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is al-losed in that cit - y, And noth-ing de - fil-ing nor mean;
3. No heart-aches are known in that city, No tears ev - er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gath-er-ing yonder, My friends are fast passing a - way;



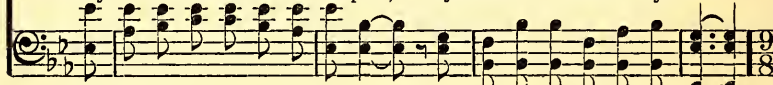
John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Patmos in ex - ile, he trod;  
No pain and no sick-ness can en - ter, No crape in that cit - y is seen;  
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;  
And soon I may join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni-ty's day;



Its high, mas-sive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold,  
Earth's sorrows and cares are for-got-ten, No tempt-er is there to an - noy;  
The saints are all sanc-ti - fied, whol-ly, They live in sweet harmony there;  
They're safe now in glo - ry with Je - sus, Their tri-als and battles are past;



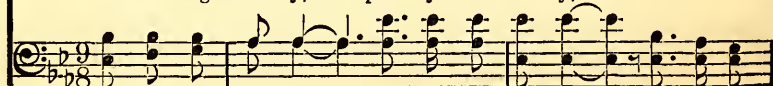
And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be - hold.  
No part-ing words ev-er are spo - ken, There's nothing to hurt and de-stroy.  
My heart now is set on that cit - y, And some day its blessings I'll share.  
They o-ver-came sin and the tempter, They've reached that fair city at last.



CHORUS. *Slow.*



In that bright cit - y, . . . . pearl - y - white cit - y, . . . . I have a



## The Pearly-White City.

man-sion, an harp and a crown; Now I am watch-ing, wait-ing and

*rit. ad lib.*

long - ing For the white cit - y.... John saw com - ing down.

36

## Silent Night.

Michael Haydn.

*pp*

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright Round you
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shepherds quake, at the sight! Glo - ries
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra - diant

vir - gin moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,  
stream from heaven a - far, Heav'n - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia.  
beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

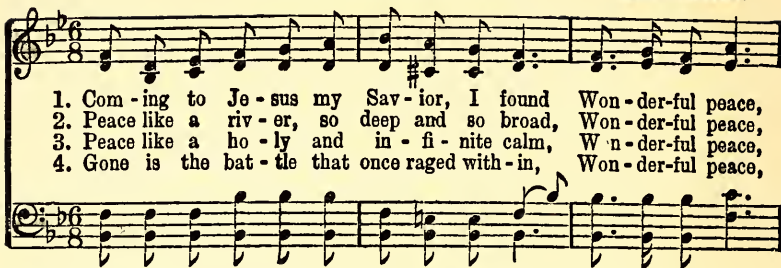
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
Christ, the Sav - ior is born, Christ, the Sav - ior is born!  
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

## Wonderful Peace.

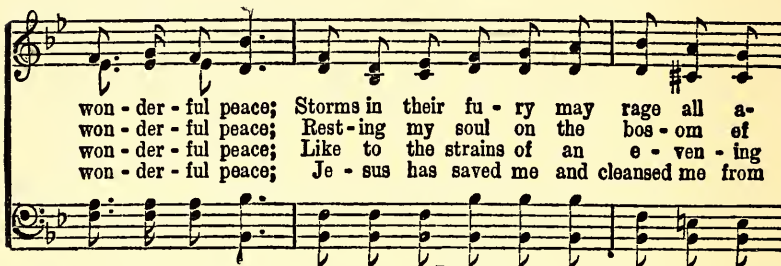
H. L.

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The Standard Publishing Company, Owner.

Haldor Lillenas.



1. Com - ing to Je - sus my Sav - ior, I found Won - der - ful peace,  
2. Peace like a riv - er, so deep and so broad, Won - der - ful peace,  
3. Peace like a ho - ly and in - fi - nite calm, Won - der - ful peace,  
4. Gone is the bat - tle that once raged with - in, Won - der - ful peace,

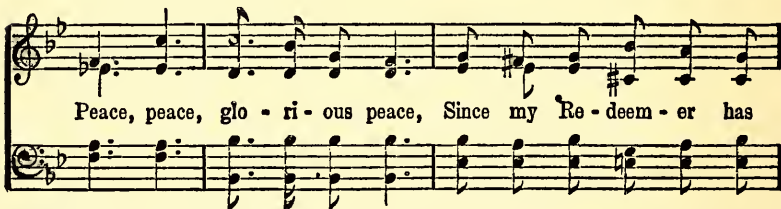


won - der - ful peace; Storms in their fu - ry may rage all a -  
won - der - ful peace; Rest - ing my soul on the bos - om of  
won - der - ful peace; Like to the strains of an e - ven - ing  
won - der - ful peace; Je - sus has saved me and cleansed me from



REFRAIN.

round, I have peace, sweet peace.  
God, I have peace, sweet peace. Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace,  
psalm, I have peace, sweet peace.  
sin, I have peace, sweet peace.



Peace, peace, glo - ri - ous peace, Since my Re - deem - er has



ran - somed my soul I have peace, sweet peace.....  
won - der - ful peace.



## Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1915, by Jno. R. Sweney. Renewal.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Used by Per. of Owner.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright  
 2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,  
 3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,  
 4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in a-ny earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.  
 And Je-sus, list-en-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.  
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.  
 For blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

## REFRAIN.

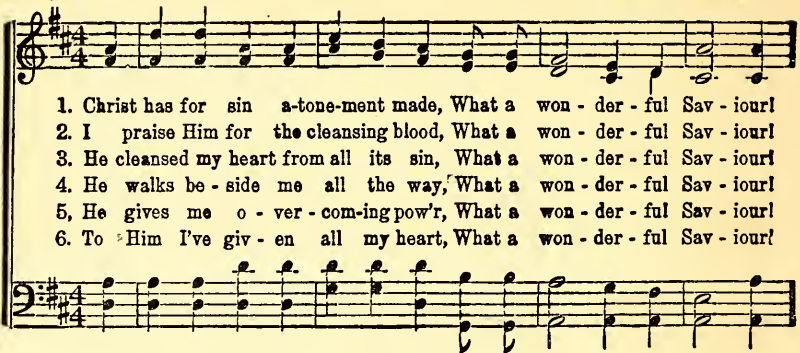
Oh, there's sun - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - shine,  
 sun - shine in the soul, sun - shine in the soul,

While the peace-ful hap-py mo-ments roll; When  
 hap-py mo-ments roll;

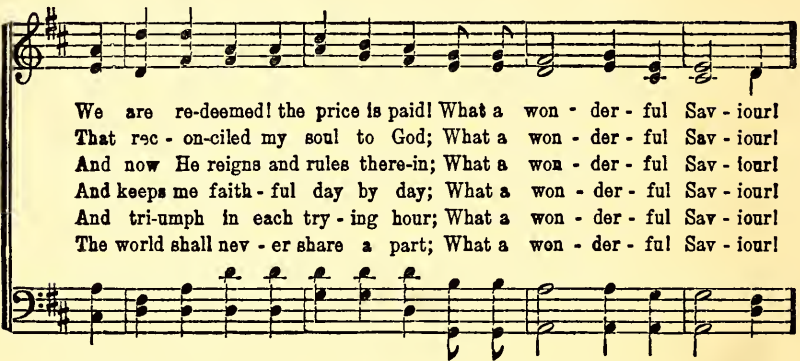
Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

E. A. H.

Elisha A. Hoffman.



1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
 2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
 3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
 4. He walks be - side me all the way, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
 5. He gives me o - ver - com-ing pow'r, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
 6. To Him I've giv - en all my heart, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!



We are re-deemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
 That rec - on-ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
 And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
 And keeps me faith - ful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
 And triumph in each try - ing hour; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
 The world shall nev - er share a part; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

## CHORUS.



What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus!



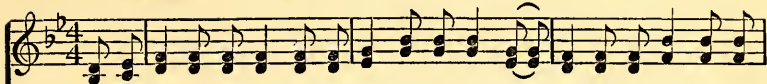
What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord!

## Covered By the Blood.

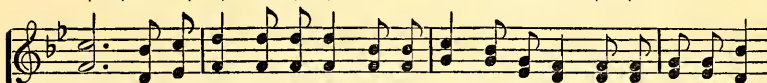
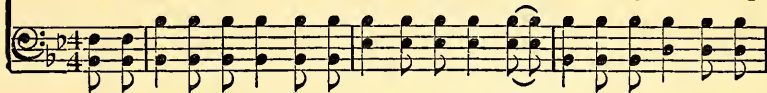
Nelle Edwards.

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Ran C. Storey.



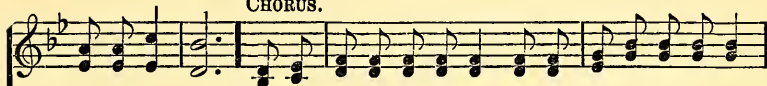
1. Once in sin's darkest night I was wand'ring alone, A stran-ger to mer-cy I
2. From the burden I car-ried now I am set free, For Je-sus has lift-ed my
3. I can ne'er understand why He sought even me, Why His life-blood on Calvary
4. Now He comes to my heart and removes ev'ry care, He bears all my cum-ber-ing



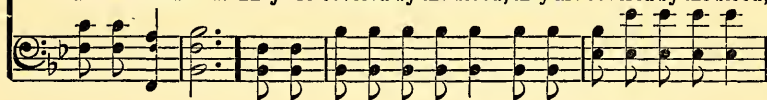
stood; But the Sav-ior came nigh When He heard my faint cry, And He put my sins  
load; O the love and the grace I re-ceived in its place When He put my sins  
flowed; But suf-fi-cient for me, Since He died on the tree, He hath put my sins  
load; In a path-way re-plete With His love are my feet, Since He put my sins



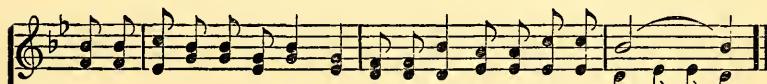
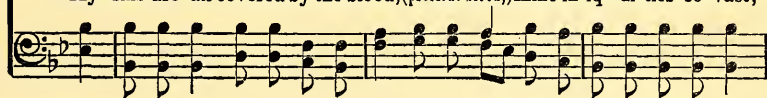
## CHORUS.



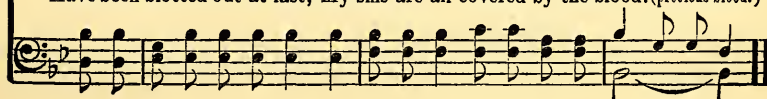
un-der the blood. They are covered by the blood, they are covered by the blood,



My sins are all covered by the blood; (precious blood); Mine in-iq-ui-ties so vast,



Have been blotted out at last, My sins are all covered by the blood. (precious blood.)



L. L. P.

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Adapted by L. L. Pickett.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Jesus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in lov-ing  
 2. Speak to Thy children ev-er, Lead in the ho-ly way; Fill them with joy and  
 3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal Thy will; Let me know all my

kindness, "Thou art not left a-lone." Open my heart to hear Thee, Quickly to  
 gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in con-se-cra-tion Yield their whole  
 du-ty, Let me Thy law-ful-fill. Lead me to glo-ri-fy Thee, Help me to

hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with prais-es, Let me in Thee re-joice.  
 lives to Thee, Has-ten Thy coming king-dom, Till our dear Lord we see.  
 show Thy praise, Glad-ly to do Thy bid-ding, Honor Thee all my days.

## CHORUS.

{ Speak Thou in soft-est whis-pers, Whis-pers of love to me,  
 { Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Al-ways in ten-d'rest tone,

"Thou shalt be al-ways cong'ror, Thou shalt be al-ways free." }  
 Let me now hear Thy whisper, "Thou art not left (*Omit*) } a-lone."

## Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CRESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, oh, earth, His  
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He  
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly port - als

won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in  
 suf - fer'd, and bled, and died, He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-  
 loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign-eth for-ev-er and

glo-ry! Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will  
 va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Cru-ci - fied. Sound His praises! Jesus who  
 ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing o-ver the

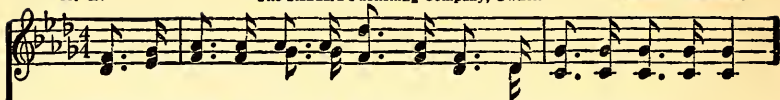
guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;  
 bore our sor-rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him  
 world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un-to the Lord be-long;

tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise Him, praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song.

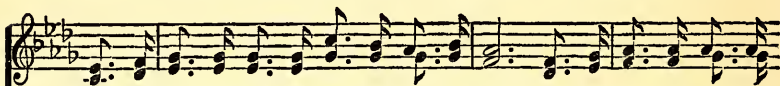
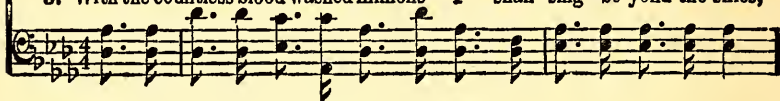
H. L.

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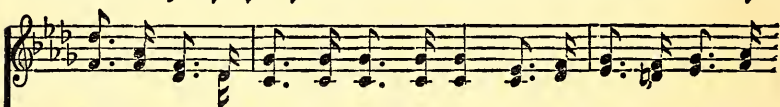
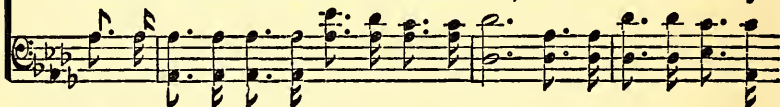
Haldor Lillenas.



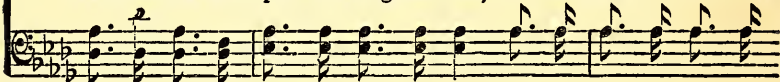
1. When my earth-ly day is wan-ing And my mor-tal robe I fold,
2. O'er the fields of end-less glo-ry I shall wan-der with de-light,
3. With the countless blood washed millions I shall sing be-yond the skies,



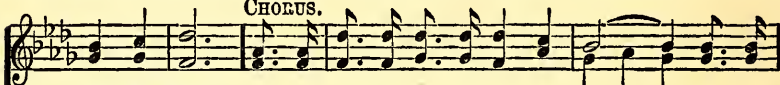
With the dawn-ing of e-ter-ni-ty be-gun; I shall en-ter gates of  
For with sadness and with pain I shall be done; No more sor-row, no more  
Praise to God and to "The Lamb for sinners slain;" As the sound of ma-ny



pearl to walk on streets of shin-ing gold, In that cit-y where they  
sick-ness in that home so pure and bright, In that cit-y where they  
wa-ters this tri-umph-ant song shall rise, And re-sound thro'-out God's

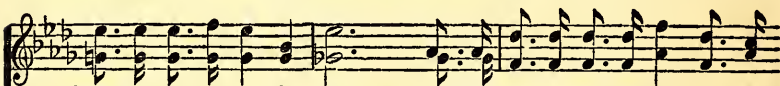
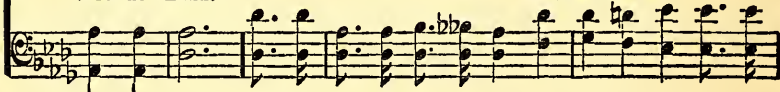


## CHORUS.

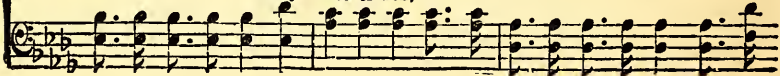


need no sun.

need no sun. In that cit-y where they need no sun,..... When at  
vast do-main. they need no sun,



last my earth-ly race is run..... I shall see my Savior's face, Rev-el  
my race is won,



## Where They Need 'o Sun.

in His love and grace In that cit - y where they need no sun. (no sun.)

44

## Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane,

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing; Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave: Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall - en,  
child to re - ceive. Plead with them earn - est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly,  
grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,  
Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

### REFRAIN.

Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.  
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res - cue the per-ish-ing,  
Chords that were brok-en will vi-brate once more.  
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - ior has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

# Devotional Hymns

45

## All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

(CORONATION.)

Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,  
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,  
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all  
 And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all  
 And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all  
 And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

46

## Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould

Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;  
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!  
 3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church 'r God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;  
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner glow  
 Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise,  
 We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty,  
 Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countess a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore.



## Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther all-  
 2. Come, Thou in-cer-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy  
 3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who art  
 4. To the great Oae in Three, The high-est prais-es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign

glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days! I  
 peo-ple bless, And give Thy Word suc-cess: Spir-it of hol-i-ness, On us de-scend! I  
 might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r! I  
 maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore!

## O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

- 1 O worship the King all glorious above,  
 And gratefully sing His wonderful love;  
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,  
 Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,  
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;  
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,  
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?  
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,  
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
 And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;  
 Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!  
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

## Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

- 1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
 And publish abroad His wonderful name;  
 The name all victorious of Jesus extol;  
 His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;  
 And still He is nigh: His presence we have;  
 The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"  
 Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,  
 The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—  
 All glory and power, and wisdom and might;  
 All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
 And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

## Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant.

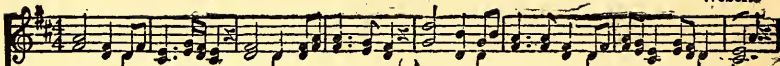
Francis Joseph Hayden.

2. O wor-ship the King all-glo-ri-ous a-bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won-der-ful love;

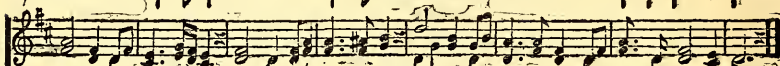
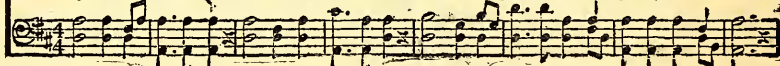
Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.

Schmolke.

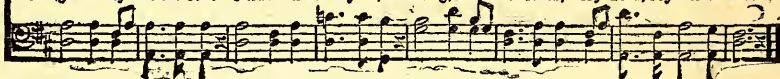
Weber.



1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;



Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."



## 52

## Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

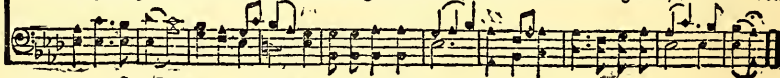
John B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to 'choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till



Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene, — one step enough for me.  
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.  
 The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

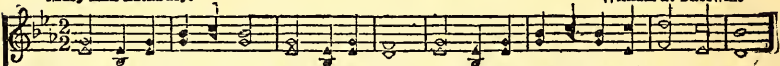


## 53

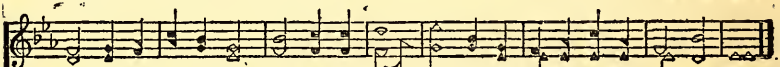
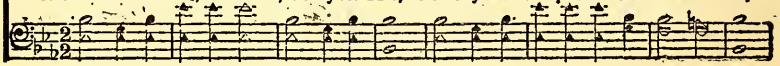
## Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

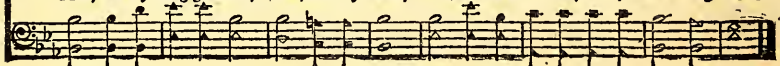
William F. Sherwin.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;



Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!  
 Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.  
 Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One;



## OH, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(Ortonville.)

CARL GLASSER.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my  
 2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread thro' all the  
 3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease: 'Tis music in the  
 4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the

God and King, The triumphs of His grace! The triumphs of His grace!  
 earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name. The hon-ors of Thy name!  
 sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace.  
 foul-est clean, His blood a-vailed for me, His blood a-vailed for me.

## MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH.

(Laban. S. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are  
 2. O watch and fight and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor lay thine armor down:  
 The work of faith will not be done,  
 Till thou obtain the crown.  
 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
 Shall bring me to thy God;  
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
 To His divine abode.

press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
 ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine implore.

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

(Bethany.)

S.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross  
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou send-est me,  
 4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs  
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got

D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

FINE. D. S.

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee!

## Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

Wm. O. Fischer.

1. { Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; } Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;  
 { I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; }  
 2. { Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies; } I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;  
 { And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; }

FIN. CHORDS. D. S.

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and D. S. - I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,  
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,  
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;  
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;  
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

58

## Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

William B. Bradbury.

1. { Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest care: } Bless - ed Je - sus,  
 { In Thy pleas - ant past - ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare: : }

Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,  
 Be the Guardian of our way;  
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us.  
 Seek us when we go astray:  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be,  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
 Early let us do Thy will;  
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,  
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still!

59

## The Old Time Religion.

Unknown

E. O. E. Arr.

CHO.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.  
 1. It was good for our mothers. It was good for our mothers. It was good for our mothers. And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.  
 3 It has saved our fathers.  
 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.  
 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.  
 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.  
 8 It will do when I am dying.  
 9 It will take us all to heaven.

## The Child of a King,

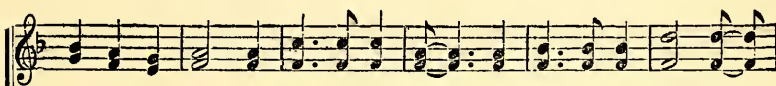
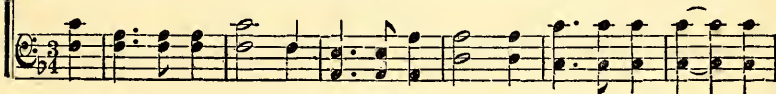
"Heirs of the kingdom."—James 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

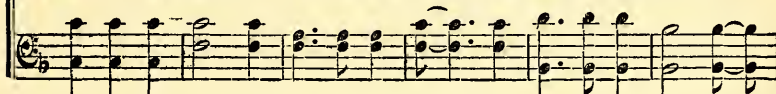
JOHN R. SUMNER, ART.



1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-ior of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for



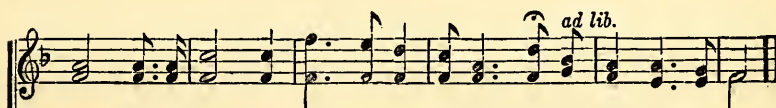
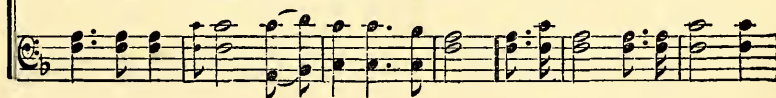
world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His  
 poor-est of them; But now He is reigning for ev-er on high, And will  
 a-lien by birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An  
 me-o-ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still I may sing: All



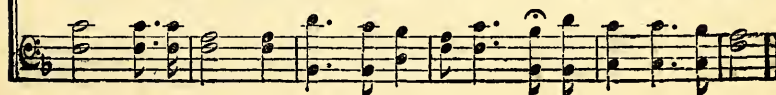
## CHORUS.



cof-fers are full,—He has riches un-told.  
 give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a King! The  
 heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!  
 glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King!



child of a King! With Je-sus my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King!



# Invitation Hymns.

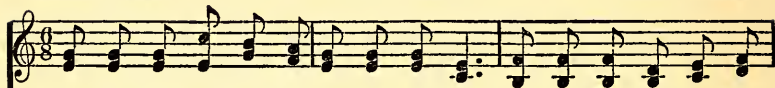
61

## Come Unto Me.

Lucia B. Cook.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

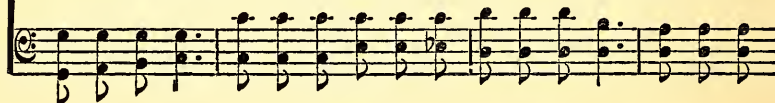
Haldor Lillenas.



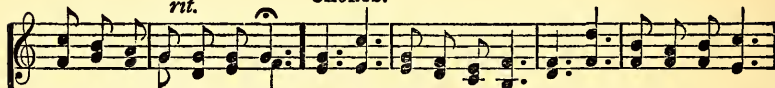
1. Come with thy bur-dens and come with thy fears, Come with thy weak-ness and
2. Come from the pleas-ures that on - ly de-stroy; Come to the foun-tain of
3. Now from thy sigh-ing and mur-mur-ing cease, Rest on the bos-om of
4. Come for the pow-er to serve and o - bey, Trust in the prom-ise and



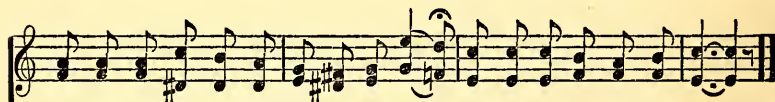
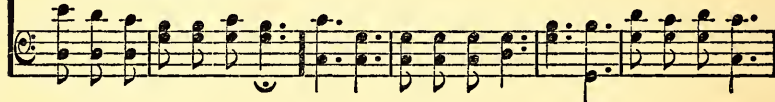
come with thy tears; Come with thy sins and thy sor-rows confessed, Come to the  
heav - en - ly joy; Come to the feast so a - bun-dant and free, All are in -  
in - fi-nite peace; Balm for the wear-y and com-fort are thine, Rest on the  
fer - vent-ly pray, Wis-dom and guid-ance are prom-ised to thee, Go to none



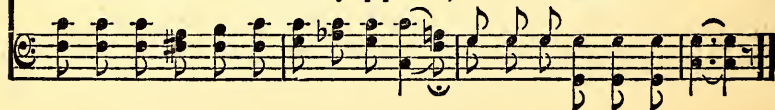
*rit.* CHORUS.



won-der-ful Giv-er of rest,  
vi - ted, O come un-to Me! Come, come, come unto Me, Come, come, come unto Me;  
bos-om of mer-cy di-vine.  
oth-er, but come un-to Me.

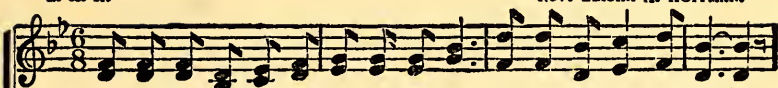


Ye who are bur-dened and sore-ly op-pressed, Come un-to Me and find rest.

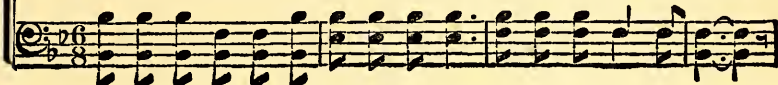
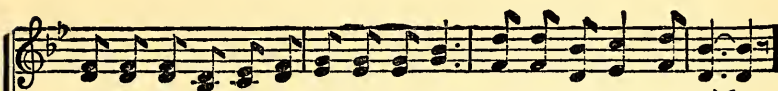


E. A. H.

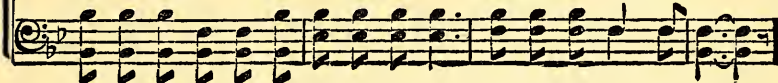
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



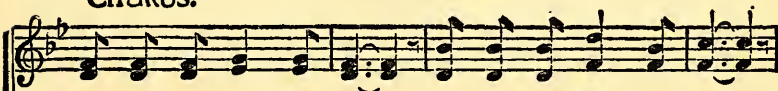
1. Have thy affections been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?  
 2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?  
 3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?  
 4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?  
 5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?


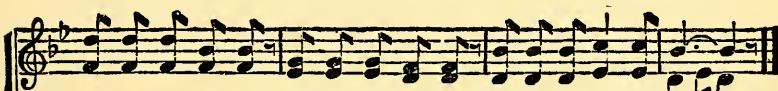
Countest thou all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?  
 O-ver all e-vil without and within? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple within? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Does He each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



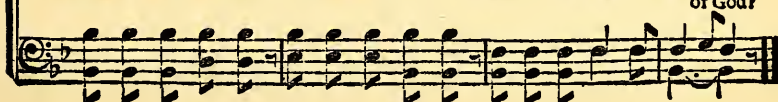
## CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim-son flood,

Cleansed and made holy, humble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?  
 of God?



## Don't Turn Him Away.

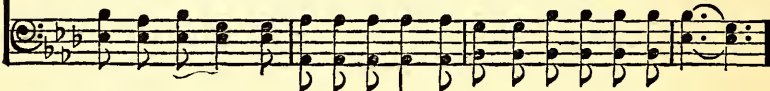
H. L.

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Cho. arr. from Salvation Army.

1. Pa - tient-ly, ten - der - ly plead-ing, Je - sus is stand-ing to - day
2. Gra - cious, com-pas-sion-ate mer - cy Bro't Him from mansions a - bove;
3. Can you not now hear Him call-ing? Do not ill-treat such a Friend;
4. Now is the time to re - ceive Him, Grant Him ad - mis - sion to - day;



At your heart's door He knocks as before, Oh, turn Him no lon - ger a - way!  
 Caused Him to wait Just outside your gate, O yield to His won - der - ful love.  
 Give up your sin, Oh, let Him come in, Lo! He will be true to the end.  
 Grive Him no more, But open your door, And turn Him no longer a - way.



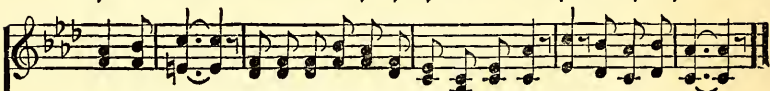
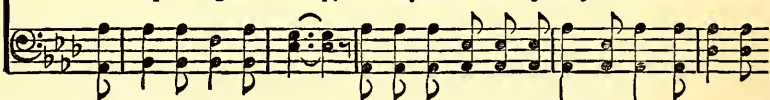
## CHORUS.



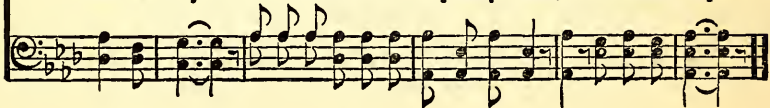
Don't turn Him a - way, don't turn Him a - way, He has come back to your heart again,



Al - tho' you've gone a - stray; O how you'll need Him to plead your cause On that e -



ter - nal day! Don't turn the Savior away from your heart, Don't turn Him a - way.





E. S. U.

REV. EDWIN S. UFFORD. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a  
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you  
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan - ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in  
 4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they

broth - er whom some one should save; Some - bod - y's broth - er! oh,  
 tar - ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing; oh,  
 an - guish where you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and  
 drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore; Haste then, my broth - er, no

who, then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?  
 hast - en to - day—And out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!  
 bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.  
 time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.

## CHORUS.

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting a-way;

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink - ing to - day.

## Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing.

Geo. F. Root.

*Joyfully.*

FINE.

1. { Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul returning from the wild; }  
 { See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Welcoming His weary wand'ring child. }  
 2. { Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is rec-on-ciled. }  
 { Yes, a soul is rescued from his sin-ful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child. }  
 3. { Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain, }  
 { Tell the joy-ful ti-dings! bear it far a-way, For a precious soul is born a - gain. }

D.C.—'Tis the ransomed ar-my, like a mighty sea, Peal-ing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring;

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## Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;  
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-ry troub-led breast!  
 3. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion, Pure and spot-less let us be;

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown:  
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.  
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tio Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee:

D.S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.

D.S.—End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.

D.S.—Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in 'won-der, love and praise.

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;  
 Take a-way the love of sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;  
 Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

## Come to the Feast.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

W. A. Ogden.

1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is  
 2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen  
 3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome  
 4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev - 'ry care and world-ly

spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.  
 wide; A place of hon-or is re-serv'd For you at the Mas-ter's side.  
 thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.  
 strife; Come, feast-up-on the love of God, And drink ev-er-last-ing life.

## CHORUS.

Hear . . . . the in - vi - ta - - tion, Come, "who - - so - ev - er  
 Hear the in - vi - ta - - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - - tion,

will;" . . . . . Praise God . . . . . for full sal -  
 "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - - tion For

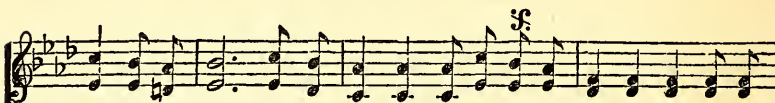
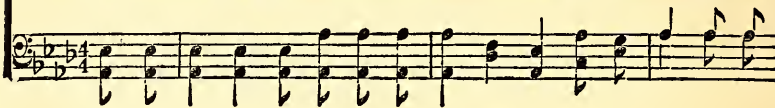
va . . . . . tion For "who - so - ev - er will."  
 "who - so - ev - er will,"

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Sav-ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

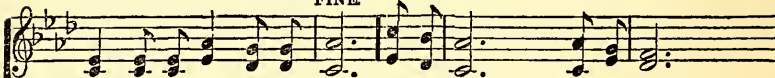


blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you  
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci-fied? Are you  
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright And be  
 blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the soul unclean, Oh, be

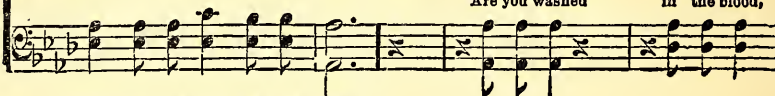


*D. S.*—*Are they white as snow? Are you*

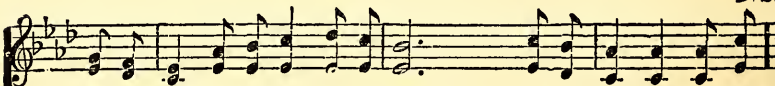
## FINE CHORUS.



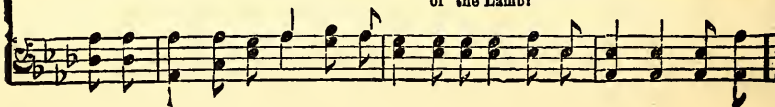
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,  
 Are you washed in the blood,



*washed in the blood of the Lamb?*

*D. S.*

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless?  
 of the Lamb?



KATE ULMER.

Haldor Lillenas, Owner

Jno. R. BRYANT.

1. Wea-ry soul, thy Sav-our died, Yea, for thee was cru-ci-fied,  
 2. Crim-son tho' thy sins may be In the blood He shed for thee,  
 3. While the Spir-it plead-eth still, Yield, O yield to Him thy will,  
 4. Lin-ger not an-oth-er day, Make Him now thy life and stay,

Heaven's gate He o-pened wide, Won't you come to Je - sus now?  
 There is cleansing full and free, Won't you come to Je - sus now?  
 Wondrous peace thy heart will fill, Won't you come to Je - sus now?  
 He will keep thee safe al - way, Won't you come to Je - sus now?

## REFRAIN.

Won't you come to Je - sus now?  
 Won't you come to Je - sus, come just now?

Won't you come to Je - sus now? Come and  
 Won't you come to Je - sus, come just now? Come to Je - sus

low be - fore Him bow, Won't you come to Je - sus now?  
 and be - fore Him bow,

## I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.

## CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee. Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-vary-

- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| <p>2 Tho' coming weak and vile<br/>Thou dost my strength assure;<br/>Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,<br/>Th'U spotless all, and pure.</p> | <p>3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,<br/>To perfect faith and love,<br/>To perfect hope, and peace, and trust<br/>For earth and heav'n above.</p> | <p>4 And He assurance gives<br/>To loyal hearts and true,<br/>That ev'ry promise is fulfilled<br/>To those who hear and do.</p> |
|--|---|---|

## Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou biddest me  
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not; To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can  
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-

come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."

## CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <p>2 Lord, now indeed I find<br/>Thy power, and Thine alone,<br/>Can change the leper's spots,<br/>And melt the heart of stone.</p> | <p>3 For nothing good have I<br/>Whereby Thy grace to claim—<br/>I'll wash my garments white<br/>In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.</p> | <p>4 And when, before the throne,<br/>I stand in Him complete<br/>"Jesus died my soul to save,"<br/>My lips shall still repeat.</p> |
|---|--|---|

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. { If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;  
 { If you de-sire a new life to be-gin,  
 2. { If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;  
 { Fountains for cleansing are flow-ing near by,  
 3. { If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;  
 { If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,  
 4. { If you would join the glad song of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;  
 { If you would en-ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je-sus come in - to your heart. Just now your doubt-ings give o'er, Just now, re-  
 (Last.) Just now my doubt-ings give o'er, Just now, re-

ject Him no more, Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 ject-ing no more, Just now, I o-pen the door; And Je-sus comes in-to your heart.

G. F. R.

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Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?  
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?  
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?  
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a-way;

Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.  
 There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.  
 Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?  
 Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you; There's danger and death in de-lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

William W. How.

Justin H. Knecht.

1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er.

We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er:  
We bear the name of Christians,  
His name and sign we bear;  
O shame, thrice shame upon us,  
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;  
And lol that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle;  
And tears Thy face have marred:  
O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal  
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
"I died for you, my children,  
And will ye treat me so!"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door;  
Dear Savior, enter, enter,  
And leave us never more!

## 76

## My Heavenly Home.

William Hunter.

Arr. Rev. William McDonald.

1. My heav'nly name is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home,  
Its glit-ter-ing tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine. To die no more. To die no more.  
D.S.—I'm go-ing home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high, Far, far above the starry sky;  
When from this earthly prison free, While here, a stranger far from here,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be, Affliction's waves may round me toss;  
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor, My heavenly mansion is secure.

3 Let others seek a home below, [flow;  
Which flames devour, or waves o'er  
Be mine the happier lot to own  
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

## 77

## Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings.

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Elihu S. Rice.

1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll; }  
{ Where in all the bright for-ev-er, } Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?  
2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er? }  
{ Shall we meet and cast the anchor, } By the bright ce-lestial shore?  
D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

CHORUS.

D. C.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,  
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;  
Where the walls are all of jasper,  
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,  
When He comes to claim His own?  
Shall we know His blessed favor,  
And sit down upon His throne?



JOHN.

J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,  
 2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has promised,  
 3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject-ed,  
 4. O, what com-pas-sion, oh, boundless love! Je-sus hath pow-er,

paid all his due; All who re-cieve Him need nev-er fear,  
 so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,  
 who have re-fused? Oh, sin-ner, hast-en, let Je-sus in,  
 Je-sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,

**CHORUS**

Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.  
 Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I see the  
 Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.  
 Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the  
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

**Exit**

blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you.  
 see the blood, o-ver you.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.

M. 96 =

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth - er it be  
 2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us  
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to  
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to Him, will He find us watch - ing,  
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - stores our tal - ents,  
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,  
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

*rit.* CHORUS.

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?  
 Will He an - swer thee—Well done? O can we say we are  
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.  
 Will He find us watch - ing there?

read - y, broth - er, Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He

find you and me still watch - ing, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?

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